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The Porcupine.



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The Porcupine

VOL. XIV. SANTA ROSA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1908 NO. 12

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

Bud's Hallowe'en

I am only fourteen—isn't that awful? And to be continually reminded by every one that I am a little boy is simply disgusting. I am always greeted with "Hello Sonny," "Morning kid," and such deteriorating epithets. It's bad enough to be young, but it is almost beyond human endurance to have everybody always throwing it up to you. There's Walter, for instance. He is my brother and goes to High School. He makes fun of me and laughs at my grammar, he says, I use a wrong word once in a while, and his chief delight is to find some misspelled word in one of my letters and then to tell me in a confidential voice. "Here, little one, is a new word I've never come across at High School." And there's Dorothy, his girl, who just loves to tease me. Walter and she can have no more enjoyment than tormenting me, but now when I see them coming I hide just as soon as I can.

Now it never would have happened if my mother and father had not gone to the city. You see, I place the whole blame on them, because they left me in charge of Walter and Martha, my big sister. They, together with grandpa and myself, were the only ones at home. Mamma and papa went yesterday morning, and last night was Hallowe'en. Now, there's the trouble. Why couldn't they have gone some other time? Why did they have to go just at Hallowe'en? Well, the result was that Walter had to show his authority and domination over me, and I was informed that I should stay inside the house and not go out that night. That crushed my hopes. I had planned

for weeks to have some fun Hallowe'en, and just think! to be disappointed like that! Oh! the troubles and tribulations of a boy! I couldn't think of disobeying Walter, so I submitted to my fate like a Stoic. I read about those fellows in school last week.

After supper, I was sitting before the big fire in the large living room, thinking of the sorrow and sadness in the world, and of my own particular plight. All the neighboring boys, I could hear outside calling for me but no! I had to remain inside. The pointed flames seemed to taunt and make fun of me and every crack of the expanding wood enraged and disgusted me with life.

Grandpa soon came in and took his accustomed seat by my side. He noticed my gazing into the fire—my hand supporting my chin, and elbows on knees—and inquired: "Well, Bud, what's the matter tonight?"

I always confide everything to grandpa so I told him: "Walter wouldn't let me go outside tonight. It's Hallowe'en, you know," I explained.

"So it is," he mused. "I remember once when I was a boy I was kept in one Hallowe'en night, but I got even alright." A light seemed to glow over grandpa's face, his eyes twinkled mischievously, and I knew some amusing memories were taking him back to his youthful days. Also, I knew that a story would be an inevitable consequence.

"Oh, grandpa, will you tell me about how you were kept in? It will not make me so lonesome to think that somewhere, sometime, some other boy was kept in on Hallowe'en," I begged.

He laid two large logs on the fire, sat back and crossed his legs, pulled out his corn-cob pipe and lit it. Tony came sauntering in, curled up near the fire at the side of grandpa's chair, threw a friendly glance at the cat and closed his eyes. Grandpa said nothing for quite a while, then, puffing a dense cloud of smoke into the air he watched it rise towards the ceiling. After it was lost in the darkness he began.

"Well, it was a long time ago. I was fourteen then. I, too, had been planning to celebrate Hallowe'en with the other boys, but my big brother, David, told me in the morning that I must not venture out that night, but must go to bed at seven o'clock. You know, my father and mother were visiting in the south then, and David and Ruth were my bosses. Well, you can imagine my anger when I heard that."

I certainly could, easily.

"Well, I determined if I couldn't go out that night I would spend the whole day trying to get even with David. I finally hit on a plan."

Grandpa stopped to knock the ashes out of his pipe. At this sound Tony awakened, drew a deep breath, then closed his eyes again. I threw a small log on the fire and grandpa continued.

"Ruth, you know, was quite a society girl, and was always having something to do with entertainments, socials and things like that. Well, this particular afternoon was her time to entertain the girls of her High School class and she had been making preparations for it. There's such a thing as a pink tea, isn't there?" he questioned.

"I heard of one, once," I informed him.

"Well, this was a pink tea, I think," he resumed. "The first part of the afternoon was to be spent in a general discussion on the subject, 'My Ideal.' Following this was to be a paper by Cymbeline Votz on 'The Faults of Men.' The crowning event and the climax of the afternoon was to be a solo by David. You know, he lately had been taking lessons in the city from that great teacher. I don't remember his name, and he was quite handy with his 'do, reme's.' He kept the whole neighborhood awake at all hours with his practicing. He had not yet made his debut, so the girls would have the first opportunity to hear him. Well, my plan was to loosen some of the strings on the piano, so that when he began to sing everything would sound discordant. David and Ruth had practiced to-

gether for weeks and were sure of creating a stir. David was to have a new black suit and a stiff shirt. But perhaps this don't interest you, Bud?"

"I shall die if you quit again," I gushed. He paused for a moment as the log fell into pieces, and watched the multitude of sparks fly up the chimney, then began again.

"Well, about twelve o'clock, just after lunch, I got a monkey-wrench and tiptoed into the parlor. The curtains were down and everything was dark. I closed the door behind me. The piano was an old-fashioned square, so it was no trouble to unscrew the strings and let down the pitch. I turned about fifteen strings so they would be out of tune, and I thought that was about enough. They were scattered all over the keyboard. You see, I intended that Ruth's playing should sound alright for a while, until she should strike one of the keys I had let down. Of course, she would not understand what was the matter, for everything would go smoothly again for a time, and then she would hit another of those out-of-tune keys. I had just finished when I accidentally dropped the wrench. It fell on the keys and made an awful noise. Of course, I knew Ruth or David must have heard that, so I quickly put the wrench right behind the music rack on the piano and then ran outside. I didn't know whether anyone investigated or not."

He stopped for a full minute as he became lost to himself in his narration, and silently enjoyed the particulars as his memory ran ahead of his speech. At length he resumed.

"Well, the girls came and soon everything was laughter and jollity in the parlor. I took my post in the bedroom, where only the thin partition separated me from them. You see, I intended to hear David sing, too. I would certainly get even with him,' I thought. Conversation waxed loud and plentiful on the question 'My Ideal,' but I could not hear much during the reading of the paper.

"At last the crucial moment arrived! David was brought in to sing. He had been waiting in the sitting-

room, as the girls allowed no men in their meetings during discussion. Well, all the girls nearly gushed over, and all were expectant of a great success. David thought himself a king in his new suit and stiff shirt. He certainly was going to make a hit, if ever anyone did.

"The song he was to sing was entitled—let's see—oh, yes, 'The Lost Chord.' Ruth confidently began the prelude. She did not happen to use one of those out-of-tune keys for some time. Walter began in sweet tones.

'Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease—'

"What was that? Yes, sure enough, on the word 'weary' she made a discord and another on 'ill.' She felt badly to think she had struck a wrong note, as she thought, but did not let it worry her. On David sang,

'I know not what I was playing—'

"Well, I thought those words were more suitable to Ruth, for I could tell by her playing that she was frustrated and could not understand what was the matter. At the words 'I struck one chord of music,' Ruth happened to strike about three of my patent notes, and Oh! what a discord! David cast a sidelong look at Ruth, frowning darkly at her as she played the interlude. Ruth knew she was striking the right notes but could not find out why they did not sound harmonious. She hoped the end would come soon.

"On the second verse, Ruth did not use many of the bad notes, and both she and David were regaining themselves and resolved to make a good ending, anyway. I hoped something would happen as he sang on,

'It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace;
It trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease—'

"David had intended to make this part very dramatic, but just as he was in the most touching part and where

he had instructed Ruth to play real softly, those noisy notes began to rattle and so spoiled the effect.

"With a little more volume to drown the noise, David sang,

'I sought but I seek it vainly
That one lost chord divine—'

"Horrors! just after the word 'divine,' down Ruth came with the most nerve-splitting chord I ever heard. David now began to get nervous. Ruth was very self-conscious, and even the girls were enjoying it and winking at each other, as I afterwards learned.

"Just between the second and third verse is a crashendo—"

"A what?" I interrupted.

"Crashendo—get louder and louder, you know," grandpa defined. "Ruth had practised hours on those two measures. She was to begin softly, every note a little louder, till she got way up high and as loud as she could play. Then David would come in with his most triumphant tones..

"Well, that was the way they rehearsed it, but that afternoon it did not go off just in that manner. I never heard such chords. Oh! they were awful! Wagner was not in it. But David was determined to make a hit, and singing loudly off the key despite Ruth's playing, he shouted:

'It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.'

"Well, honestly, it was the greatest mixup I ever heard. When done, Walter rushed from the room, seized his hat and hurried outside. I looked out of the window and as he passed below, he shook his fist at me. 'Had he found me out?' I wondered. I couldn't understand what reason he had found to accuse me.

"At supper, everything was slow that night. David had returned about four o'clock and he did not have a word to say. Ruth was also quiet and unconversational. Promptly at seven o'clock David told me to go to bed. Outside all the neighboring boys were having a good time, but up the dark stairs to my room I must go. Slowly, in the dark, I groped my way upward. I always struck a match before opening my door, then going inside I would light my candle. That night I struck a match and opened the door. Backward I fell to the floor! Out went the match! What was that staring at me with eyes of fire? Oh! horrors! I screamed aloud! One look had fixed the features of that awful face in my mind—great yellow jaws, piercing eyes, sneering mouth, peculiar-shaped large nose, massive neck, yellow glistening head, flabby flesh, a head without a body. By this time Ruth and David had come to my rescue. But instead of putting this horrid monster to rout, they stood laughing at me. They let me scream till I was tired. Then David said:

"Now, little one, calm yourself. Don't you see that your face is just a pumpkin, and that the light beyond those eyes is just a candle? Come now! An innocent boy ought to fear nothing. If you did not have such a guilty conscience you would not be so easily frightened. Stand up, my boy. And let me tell you that the next time you try to tune a piano, please put the tools back where you got them."

"Well, Bud," grandpa yawned, "that is all. The fire is out and don't you think it is bedtime?"

"Yes, it is," I answered as I rose from the chair and started up the stairs. "That was a good story alright. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, boy. You aren't afraid to go up to your room, are you?"

"No, sir, grandpa, not me," I answered, but since my conscience would hurt if I did not tell the truth, I will admit that it was gradually and with frightened peeps inside, that I opened my door that night.

"C. O. D."

Cecil Wayborne, Stanford, '09, was somewhat mystified to receive a Wells-Fargo postal from M—, stating that a large box for her had arrived C. O. D. \$5, from British Columbia, and was waiting orders for delivery.

Glancing at her watch, she saw that she had but ten minutes left before Latin recitation. She must phone at once for an expressman. Which one? Why, could she never think of the best one to call? And time pressed—Oh, yes, there was old Jimmy Gates, Bonham's Stables—She hastily took down the receiver.

"Six-five-eight, please."

"Hello, six-five-eight?"

"Drake's Saloon! Gracious, I asked for six-five-eight!"

"Hello, hello. Central, oh, Hello!"

"I want six-five-eight."

"Yes, eight, six-five-eight."

"Is Mr. Gates there?"

"Jimmy Gates, the expressman—"

"What?"

"Crazy, did you say?"

"Dreadfu! ! !"

"Yes—sure, that's alright;—good!"

"What?"

"Oh, alright. He'll do—of course I don't want a crazy man—to go to M— for a box."

"My name? oh, of course, Cecil Wayborne, Upper Hall."

"Yes, a box at Well's-Fargo, C. O. D., right now! Have it here at 2:40 sharp."

"Oh, certainly, well let me see—Yes, tell him to go to Fulkerson's grocery and get \$5.50 on my account. Yes they know me well. It'll be all right; 2:40, now, don't forget."

"What?"

"Yes, yes—goodbye."

"Mercy two minutes to get to room 81 and Latin—"

Excited Cecil fairly flew along, all the while seeing not particularly pleasant visions of Prof. Lowner's wrath at her tardiness to class. Bravo; up the steps at last—One rapid peep at her self in the window of the Lab, a pat to her flying locks, and—in she walked.

Prof. Lowner, deep in his discussion of the translation, stopped shortly as he behld Cecil—"It would be much more satisfactory to all concerned, if the young ladies finding it necessary to be late to class, would prolong their tardiness, and not appear at all."

Poor Cecil! There was a pronounced blush on her face, during the whole period.

Rushing into her room an hour later she was rather angry to find the box had not arrived.

"The idea, I thought that expressman would keep his word at least. Thats what I get though, for trusting a stranger with \$5.50, and for something which is a perfect mystery to me."

Cecil had been pondering thus for some few minutes, when a loud rap at her door, awakened her from her reveries.

"Miss Scott wants you in the parlor," said the maid.

"Wants me?"

"That's what I said."

Somewhat confusedly, Cecil tripped down into the matron's presence.

"Miss Waybone, a box has just come for you, and—and by the size, I should presume it would be quite a—a—bother to have in your room, and—oh, oh, by the way, there will be a little bill to be paid, ah, the man, no doubt drunk—has broken off the front door-knob, and—"

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry. I'll pay for the damages. Yes I was expecting the box, but Miss Scott, I'd prefer to have it in my room, if you please—"

Miss Scott did not enthuse, covertly glancing at the unfortunate expressman, she asked, "Are you perfectly sober, my young man?" Then she shuddered and turned away.

After much grunting and puffing, the poor fellow succeeded in getting his burden deposited on the floor in Cecil's room and hied him on his way, somewhat unsteadily as Miss Scott thought.

Once having the box safe in her own room, Cecil lost not a moment. She finally pried the top off, with the aid of a decrepit shoe-horn and a rusty tack-hammer. Nothing but paper in view. She pulled a handful, and still more paper, then a pretty table-cover, and then!—Horrors! she pulled an old smoking jacket forth! Shocking! Next—A bottle, another!

Cecil was not to be daunted—Books this time met her curious gaze—Books, books—Oh-h, bliss! Chemistry, chemistry, chemistry—certainly the complete works of—

Well what am I expected to do with all this trash, and who on earth is the sender? But, wait—I saw an envelope, I believe—" She opened it and read with astonished and shocked countenance.

"Dear old Mutt:—

Here we are at last in B. C. and a tough old place. Cold? Nothing like that, rather different from dear old Los Angeles, I'm thinking. Say, unpacking my duds here, I found your old pipe, pouch and stunning Directoire! smoking jacket. I guess mother must have packed them by mistake. But I couldn't use 'em—Glad to be able to send you, also, this set of Chem. Books. Don't I wish I could be with you to enjoy the "drinkables," but seeing its impossible, just use your imagination.

Always your old pal,

"JONAH."

"Well, how could I fall heir to this? Wait—I'll just investigate." Diving down into the inside pocket of the coat, Cecil found a pouch with the inscription, "Cecil Waybone, '08, Stanford."

"Joy, just the Senior I've been dying to meet! How in the world, please am I to transport his belongings—and he's a stranger to me—Eureka! The Senior Dance!"

By the studied and careful management of two girl friends, and by much skillful manoueuvering in the social field for the following week, our Miss Cecil Wayborne managed to get an invitation to the Senior Dance.

The two Cecils were casually introduced. During the evening when their dance came around, Cecil the girl, said, "I have something at Upper Hall for you, Mr. Wayborne."

"For me? Why—"

And Cecil told him the story of her luggage, C. O. D.

Cecil, the man, wrote his "old pal, Jonah," a letter that very night; but I fear it cannot be repeated here. Still could it be compared with one written three months later, we could see that Cecil Junior's box, although quite expensive to her at the time, became the source of a long line of expense to him in the future.

M. P. '09.



Women Gossip? Never!

"There goes Hubert Brown with the Bryant girl. I knew he was engaged to Grace Bryant," remarked Mrs. Craig, as a young couple passed the hotel on their way to the beach. "But they seem now more devoted than ever."

Everyone on the veranda laughed and some winked knowingly at their companions. Finally the landlady's daughter ventured—

"He does go with Grace, but they are thicker than ever since the circus was over at Grenville, a while ago."

"I'd like to know what a circus has to do with Hub Brown's engagement to Grace Bryant," snapped Mrs. Craig, her animosity fully aroused.

"Oh! lots," calmly answered Minnie, "I'll tell you if you want to know. I guess all the other folks were here when it happened; so if I leave out some things very important, they can correct me."

Mrs. Craig was the latest arrival at the Grenville Seaside Hotel, a retired summer resort in the suburbs of the town of Grenville.

"First, you know, they were engaged—that is Hub and Grace. Then the circus came. Of course everyone from here went, except a few ladies, and Hub and Grace; for Grace wouldn't go. I believe Mrs. Mathewson and Mrs. Grant remained; didn't you?" She nodded towards where they sat, interested, yet embarrassed.

"Well, in the afternoon of that day," she resumed, "we all were wondering if Hub and Grace were going in the evening, when mamma heard him say something to her, and she replied, 'oh, just as you say.'"

"Then she said 'what time does the train leave,' and Hub answered, 'about ten—let's not be too early.'"

"Alright," said Grace, "I'll be ready to go."

"Then mamma thought 'what train are they going on, and where are they going?' She got out the train schedule but could find no train leaving at that hour. She told my brother, Ralph, about it but he was so excited over the circus that she thought the information was lost to his ears, until about nine that evening, he called her up on the phone, from the S. P. Depot, and said he was watching the circus train being loaded and Hub and Grace were there, so they must be going off on the circus train.

"Joined the circus, mamma immediately concluded, and scandalized, she went to communicate the news to her cook.

Nora was shocked also, and did not fail to tell her Irish friend next door, that Mr. Hub and Miss Grace had left together on the circus train to be actors in the circus.

"'Sure, Nora, an' its exciting,' replied Molly. 'But were they married yet?'

"'Now Molly, me darlin', how do I know, but its meself that thinks its about time, after bein' engaged this long time.'

"'Married and joined the circus,' ejaculated Molly, and ran to tell her mistress, Mrs. Hamilton.

"In the parlor of her pretty summer home, Mrs. Hamilton was entertaining a few friends for the evening, when Molly unceremoniously broke in with the news that Hubert Brown and Grace Bryant had been married early in the evening, had joined the circus and were now waiting to depart on the circus train.

"'Oh, how terrible!' gasped one woman.

"'Well, I'm not surprised,' remarked another. 'She will, no doubt, be an equestrian, for she loved horses. And, of course, Hub will be a clown, for he is so witty!'

"'Imagine our dainty little Grace, an equestrian,' said Mrs. Hamilton, 'and practical Hub Brown a clown. Its preposterous.'

"'But its true, ma'am,' declared Molly.

"And the evening at Mrs. Hamilton's was broken up.

Mrs. Green, one guest, declared that she simply must call at a friend's to see how she was.

"Forthwith, Mrs. Green arrived at her chum's and told her the news, adding that Mrs. Bryant's heart must be broken, and she didn't know how long an engagement the couple had made with the circus.

"Someone must go and comfort the mother,' she concluded. 'But who shall it be.'

"You see everything was working fine," remarked the landlady's daughter. "Anything I've forgotten folks?" Everyone shook their head.

"Alright then I'll go on. Lets see— I left Mrs. Green talking it out with her chum. Of course her chum must tell someone, and on it went, increasing in size.

"It was now about twelve o'clock, they all heard the circus train depart, and all the folks came flocking home from the performance.

"Hub and Grace' were in everyone's mouth, and the scandal was going like wild fire.

"Mrs. Hamilton sat out on her porch and finally said to her sisters and husband. 'I just can't believe it till everyone comes home from the train. It's beautifully light tonight—let's play croquet.' On the croquet grounds were several hotel guests, to whom the news was communicated.

"I don't believe it' promptly said a little fat girl, May. 'Grace Bryant is my cousin, and I don't believe it?' she repeated. 'I shall go ask auntie if it is so?'

"When May arrived at the Bryant cottage, close by, through the windows she saw Mrs. Green just entering the parlor. So May sat on the front steps and heard the following conversation.

"Mrs. Bryant I have just heard the news about your daughter and Mr. Brown.'

"Is that so? We intended to keep it secret, but such things do get out. Isn't it lovely?'

"Lovely?" said Mrs. Green, under her breath, 'well I don't blame her for wantin to keep it secret.' Then aloud.

'It came rather as a surprise to us. Wasn't it rather sudden, Mrs. Bryant?'

"'Oh, not at all, Mrs. Green—they have planned it since their engagement in June.'

"Well I'm sure I don't approve of it, Mrs. Bryant,' said Mrs. Green, for her friend was not acting as she had expected.

"'You don't? Why I think Hub is the nicest fellow in the world and they get along beautifully. Of course they will live in Grenville.'

"'In Grenville—then how can she be an equestrian and he a clown, with the circus?'

"'A clown!—an equestrian? What do you mean, may I ask?'

"'Why, Mrs. Bryant, its all over the beach here, that they were married this evening and had joined the circus.'

"'It's not so, auntie, don't you believe, it. Its a great, big lie.' May was making herself known through the window. 'I heard Hub ask Grace to go see them load up, since she wouldn't go to the performance, and I saw them go there, and these big women have all told a lie.' May's clear gaze wilted Mrs. Green, who took a hasty departure.

"In the meantime Grace and Hub had strolled up to the hotel, where the scandalized summer boarders were seated, in excited groups.

"'What's the excitement?' called Grace, cheerfully.

"'Why—there they are—and the circus is gone,' said mamma, 'what does this mean.'

"When Ralph had told them all, amid shrieks of laughter, and the embarrassed silence of the women, Hub and Grace had a good laugh, and then Hubert preceeded to explain that they merely had watched the loading of the coaches and had come home from there, without being changed to circus people, noticeably. 'But now, since this has happened, I suppose I might as well tell you. Shall I Grace? Well we are to be married two weeks from Sunday and we invite you all on the spot.

"With that Hub and Grace walked off, and we were left to ourselves, and a sorrier lot of women you never saw.

"So," concluded Minnie, "They are to be married next Sunday. How's that for scandal?"

"Preposterous!" commented Mrs. Craig. "But I must add that I never gossip."

"And neither do I," chimed a chorus of voices from the veranda.

This night when the witches assemble
In crackling forests of pine,
To join in their annual revel,
Where the moonbeams faintly shine,
While the north wind moans through the branches
And the leaves fall rustling down,
To form for their all Hallows dances
Aa carpet seer and brown,

O, come, let us join in the frolic,
Our hearts overladen with cheer,
And have the best kind of a time we can,
On this night, just once in the year.




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All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, California.

By Way of Editorial

In the A. A. L. meet at Berkeley on October 3rd, Santa Rosa High School did not prove herself victor in the athletic sports, but she brought home a score of which she need not be ashamed. She did her best and next time will do even better. It was hardly to be expected that she could win over so many larger schools, especially since her time for training had been short. Most of her men were inexperienced, also, but practice will prepare them for the laurels, which the future surely has in store for

them. Let us not be disheartened because we met with defeat. Reverses should teach us that our failings are due to our own short-comings, and we can always correct these if we will.

Report cards have come and gone, but either good, bad or indifferent, let us hope they have awakened renewed resolves for more vigorous effort. At the beginning of each new term, and of each new month, we make up our minds to do better next time, but before many days are past, we have forgotten that next month's record is still in the making, and drop back to the more easy way, until, before we realize it, report cards are again due. Even when you have obtained satisfactory markings, don't stop to rest but work harder so that, at the end of the term, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you have deserved success, and that you have received your deserts.

The debating club is progressing slowly but surely under Mr. Perrier's able guidance. It has been a matter of regret that some members have absented themselves from the meetings, when they were to have debated. Since our principal has agreed to give us a credit, more faithful attendance and work as well as an increased membership is expected. The secretary has been requested to correspond with other schools in the county concerning an interscholastic debate. Nothing could be better practice for one who desires to be a ready speaker, or even a fluent conversationalist than the work that the club is doing. It is earnestly desired that more scholars will join and take part in the debates.

As yet we have not had to cope with the expected deluge of material for the Porcupine. Only two or three articles from those outside the staff have been submitted for our

inspection. There are many of you, who can write interesting stories, others have poetic ability, while all can think of bright "joshes." We have not met many scholars who are too bashful or too timid to hand contributions to the editor, so we are somewhat puzzled over their scarcity. In the future we shall expect an abundance of material for the paper.

Almost every High School has its orchestra in connection with its Glee Club. We have no such organization here, but with so many pupils of musical ability in attendance, there is no reason why we could not have such an addition to the school. Music is much in demand for our class parties, Commencement exercises, rallies, and other like affairs. We have numerous pianists among our number, and with a violin, banjo, mandolin, and lute could have a very creditable little orchestra.

"Prudent people purchase prockly Porcupines," they say,
Of course, that's the only really very proper way;
Reading, too, what's in them, is what prudent people do.
Can't we find a few who'll write more stories for them
too?

Unless we get more stories and more joshes that are fine
Perhaps someday you'll all cry out, "Why! Where's the
Porcupine?"

Invitations are given to every one in High,
Now, do begin, and all send in, a very large supply;
Elating the poor Editor, who does his very best.
Scholars, now remember, please comply with our request.



Track

The A. A. L. Came off on October 3, at the Berkeley oval and our boys did very well considering the short season in which they had to train. They were preceded by a rousing rally at the High School on Friday evening; Mr. Searcy, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Perrier all made good speeches and a nice program was rendered, showing that the whole school spirit is much in evidence this year. In the Field Day exercises Webb, Rogers and Lee were our point winners. Webb is a coming hammer-thrower, he secured third and will undoubtedly do better in the future. Will Rogers, our hustling manager, secured third place in the broad jump. Lee ran fourth in the low hurdles, and tied for fourth in the high jump. Miller, Green, Cochrane and McDaniels all ran well, Hyde threw the hammer in good form; they all tried hard and did their best and that is what we expected of them.

The Freshmen meet, for first and second year men, will soon be here and those years should be training hard and faithfully for this event.

Football

The football team is rapidly getting into shape for this season. The first game occurred on October 10, when we lined up against Tamalpais Military Accademy. Mr.

Cuddyback has done great work in coaching the boys. Every one should be thankful that he is willing to spend his time in helping to turn out a good team. He has put the boys through a hot pace for an hour and a half every night and deserves much praise for his instruction.

The guards of the team are Webb, Richardson and Snyder. Richardson formerly played in the Eureka High team and is showing up in good shape. Olsen, Fowler and Captain Pharris are trying for tackle. In Olsen and Pharris we have two men who can be depended upon to tackle and down anything in a football suit; Abeel and Rodgers will take care the the ends. Both are very fast and play a good game. Lambert, Noonan and Green will play the halves. Green played in the team three years ago, while Noonan played Rugby for two years. Lambert is a hard man to tackle and can run some besides. All will do well in their places. Hyde is a giant at full and plays a fast game hitting the line hard. He is fast developing into a crack player in his position. Patten and Stump are playing as quarter-backs, and it is hard to decide the one who is the best. Clark puts up a good game at center.

There will probably be two or three games played at home this year. The team would like to see the High School students turn out in full force and cheer them to victory. In former years the attendance at the games was small. In former years the attendance at the games was athletics so we expect the students to attend the games in large numbers.

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There are one hundred and fifty-one girls attending High School, and I find, in looking them over, only a few whom I should judge as either too dignified or decrepit to play basket-ball, yet not two dozen are interested. The Freshes are not making the showing that was expected of them, and we are wondering what the trouble is. Freshmen, it does not become you to assume your dignity so young in life; wait until you're seniors!

However, we are glad to note that the girls who do get out to practice are the right kind, and there is the making of a winning team among them, with the aid of Mr. Perrier, who is teaching the girls some new "stunts." No arrangements have been made for games with other schools so far.

Girls, get out and practice. Don't let your school spirit, in regard to athletics, lag. We surely don't expect the boys to hold up the athletic standard of the school all alone.



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A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Ed Bent, as yell leader is a "howling" success.

During the recent spell of north wind some of the girls have found it necessary to apply cold cream quite vigorously. One young miss, Berth Fat Caldill, by name was heard to declare that her lips were very susceptible to chaps. What did the child mean?

Miss Wylie shocked the "children" in Com. Geog., the other day when she said the further down a mine you went the hotter it became.

.In Hist. 2,. Who were the Amazons?
Colin—Female men.

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Si Greentoys—That heifer is two years old.

Erba P.—Why how can you tell.

Si—By her horns Miss.

E. P.—Oh! How silly of me, a horn for each year, of course.

In Elmer's last Latin "quiz" he gave the principal parts of to skate as follows:

Skate—Slipper—Fallers—Bumptum.

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.German.—All verbs denoting change of place or condition take the auxilliary "sein" instead of "haben"

Miss Wirt.—"Why does the verb 'sterben' to die, take the auxilliary 'sein'?"

Blair D.—"Well sterben .to die, denotes a change of place.

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Miss H. Botany,—What's the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom, Ralph?

R. P.—Hash.

Ray L.—My Brains have been bothering me of late.
John E.—I wish I had as little to bother me.

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On All Hallows eve
 When the night was dark,
 A little boy went
 From home for a lark.
 But the wind was shrill
 Among the trees,
 Weird voices he heard
 Upon the breeze;
 His heart grew faint
 His breath came fast
 For he saw some ghosts
 Before his path!
 "Oh! What shall I do?"
 He wailed in pain.
 "To disturb good people
 I'll ne'er go again."

Then—"I'm not afraid,"
 He shrieked in fright,
 "Of yon ghostly figures
 Clothed in white,"
 But he proved full well
 The weakness of speech,
 For he turned with speed
 His home to reach;
 And he never stoped
 'Till he climbed into bed,
 And pulled the coverlets
 Over his head.
 But even in sleep
 He remembered his fright,
 And of ghosts he dreamed
 The live-long night.

* * * *

But when at morn he retraced his steps,
 He laughed at his former fright,
 For the clothes a'flapping in the breeze
 Were the figures he'd seen at night.



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Florence C.—Santa Rosa may not have well kept streets,
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Green—"I'll be at home, too."

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